

JULY No. 54



# BLACKHAWK

*TERROR IN  
THE JUNGLE*

10c







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BLACKHAWK

# BLACKHAWK



DEATH AND VIOLENCE RAKE THE  
TEeming JUNGLES OF ANATOA  
ISLAND AS A RUTHLESS DESPOT  
REVIVES PRIMITIVE HATES AND  
PASSIONS, TURNING THE ONCE-  
FRIENDLY NATIVES INTO BLOOD-  
THIRSTY SAVAGES! FIGHTING TO  
FREE THE ISLANDERS FROM HIS  
ENSLAVING GRIP, THE  
BLACKHAWKS, TWO-FISTED  
CHAMPIONS OF LAW AND ORDER,  
FACE DEATH AT THE HANDS OF  
THE VERY MEN THEY SEEK TO  
HELP! WHAT ESCAPE IS THERE  
FROM THIS DIABOLICAL

**TERROR** in the  
JUNGLE?



SWOOPING LOW OVER BLACKHAWK ISLAND, THE REGULAR MAIL PLANE HAS DROPPED AN ANXIOUSLY AWAITED BUNDLE!

LET'S SEE HERE'S ONE FOR YOU FROM BEEVO, THE STRONG MAN!

HA, HA! CHUCK BAN TAKING COURSE IN HOW TO HAVE BIG MUSCLES! JUST WAIT TILL HE FINISH UP, BY YIMMNY!



AND THESE EIGHT LETTERS WRITTEN ON ASSORTED PASTELS AND KEEPINGS OF ASSORTED PERFUMES ARE FOR ANDRE, OF COURSE!

ZUT! YOU MAKE ZE JOKE! ZEES LETTARS ARE NO DOUBT FROM MY SEESTERS!



AND THIS ONE IS ADDRESSED TO ME! FROM KUANI MOARO OF ANATOA ISLAND!

HIMMEL! WHO IS DAS KUANI, BLACKHAWK?



HE'S AN EDUCATED ISLANDER, CHIEF OF ONE OF THE MORE PRIMITIVE OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLAND TRIBES! I MET HIM WHILE HE WAS GOING TO SCHOOL IN LONDON!

THE ENVELOPE IS MARKED "URGENT"! IS SOMETHING WRONG?



PLENTY! LOOK AT THIS, STANISLAUS!

SOUNDS LIKE ACTION FOR THE BLACKHAWKS!



DEAR FRIEND  
BLACKHAWK,  
IN MY ABSENCE A  
NEW CHIEF HAS TAKEN  
POWER AND SOLD OUT  
TO VICIOUS SUBVERSIVE  
LEADER, CAPT.  
DROSKI. AM HELD  
PRISONER. IF THIS  
REACHES YOU,  
PLEASE TRY TO  
HELP, BUT DO NOT  
AGGRAVATE NATIVE  
PEOPLE. ENOUGH  
BLOODSHED AL-  
READY.  
YOUR FAITHFUL  
SERVANT,  
KUANI

ANATOA IS A SMALL ISLAND, BUT IT WOULD BE A STRATEGIC BASE FOR THE COMMIES! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST, MEN!

YOU CAN READ THOSE LETTERS FROM YOUR SISTERS LATER, ANDRE! WE'RE TAKING OFF NOW!









OFFERING ONLY token resistance, THE BLACKHAWKS ARE SOON STRIPPED OF THEIR GUNS AND FORCED TO ACCOMPANY THEIR ATTACKERS!





BOUND TO THE STAKE, THE BLACKHAWKS GRIMLY AWAIT AN INGLORIOUS END!

I HATE TO DIE WITHOUT AT LEAST ONE CRACK AT THAT FIEND, DROSKI!

KUANI WILL THINK WE FAILED HIM! IF ONLY I COULD REACH MY BELT RADIO! THEY FORGOT THAT!



SHH! SHE BES LEESTEN TO WHAT YOU SAY!

SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! ANYWAY, THERE'S NOTHING WE NOWV CAN DO ABOUT REACHING THE RADIO! LOOKS LIKE THIS IS IT, FELLOWS!



BUT LATER, AS THE CROWD BEGINS TO GATHER FOR THE 'SPORT'!

THERE'S DROSKI WITH HIS TRUFS!

AND ZE GIRL! SHE POINT AT YOU, BLACKHAWK! SHE MAKE ZE SIGN LANGUAGE... WEETH A KNIFE!



HA! SO MY LITTLE LONA DESIRES THE INSIGNIA WORN BY THAT CAPITALIST PIG! IT IS YOURS, MY LOVELY ONE!

AMAPU! AMAPU OLANI!



AND WHILE DROSKI'S BACK IS TURNED...

WHAT...!

QUIET! I DON'T GET THIS, BUT SHE'S CUTTING THE ROPES!



DON'T LET THEM KNOW OUR HANDS ARE FREE! WE'LL STRIKE WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT!

SOME-THING TELLS ME DROSKI BES GETTING WHAT YOU CALL ZE DOUBLE-CROSS!

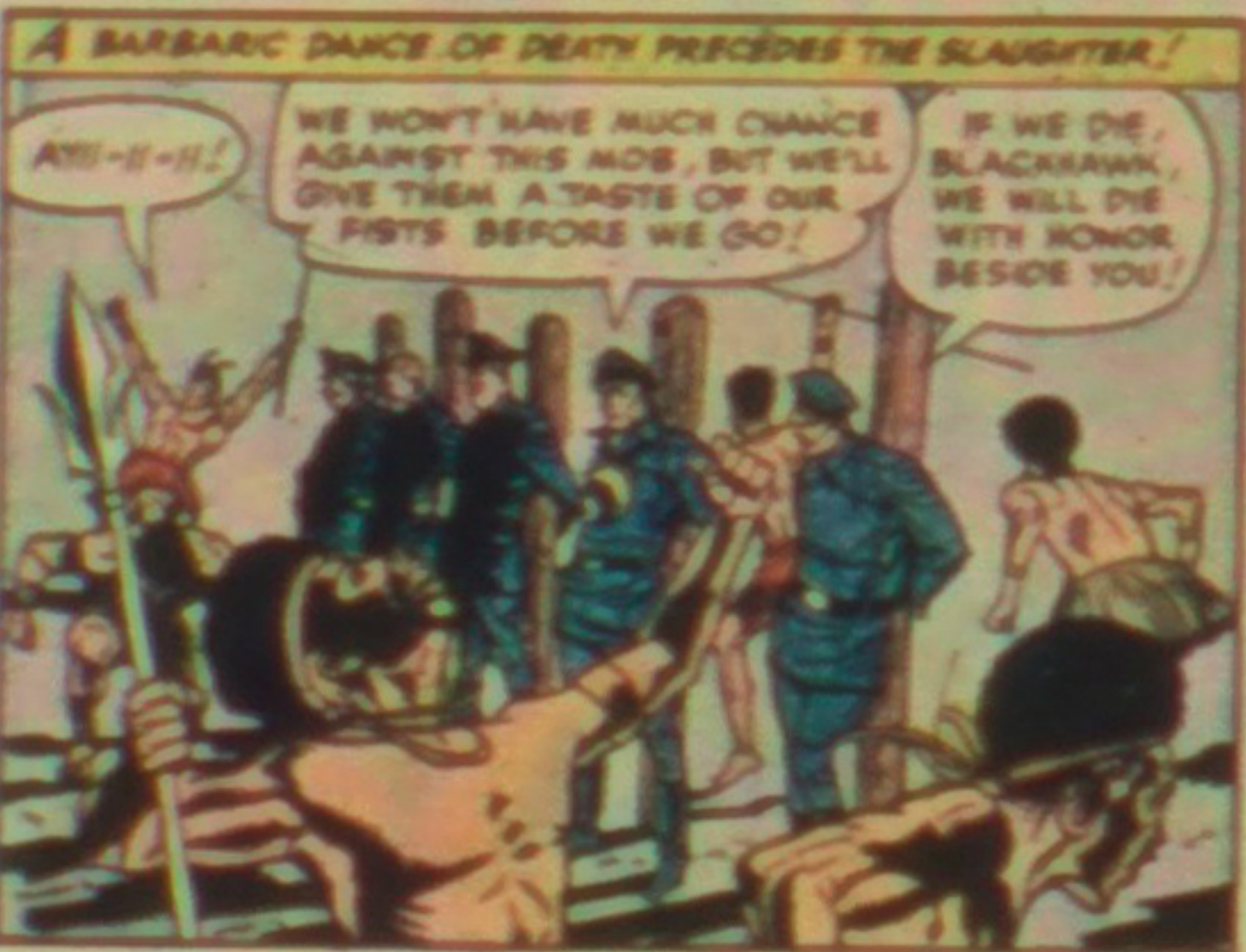


I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU WANT WITH THAT INSIGNIA, HONEY, BUT...

BLACKHAWK! SHE BAN HOLDING UP YOUR RADIO!



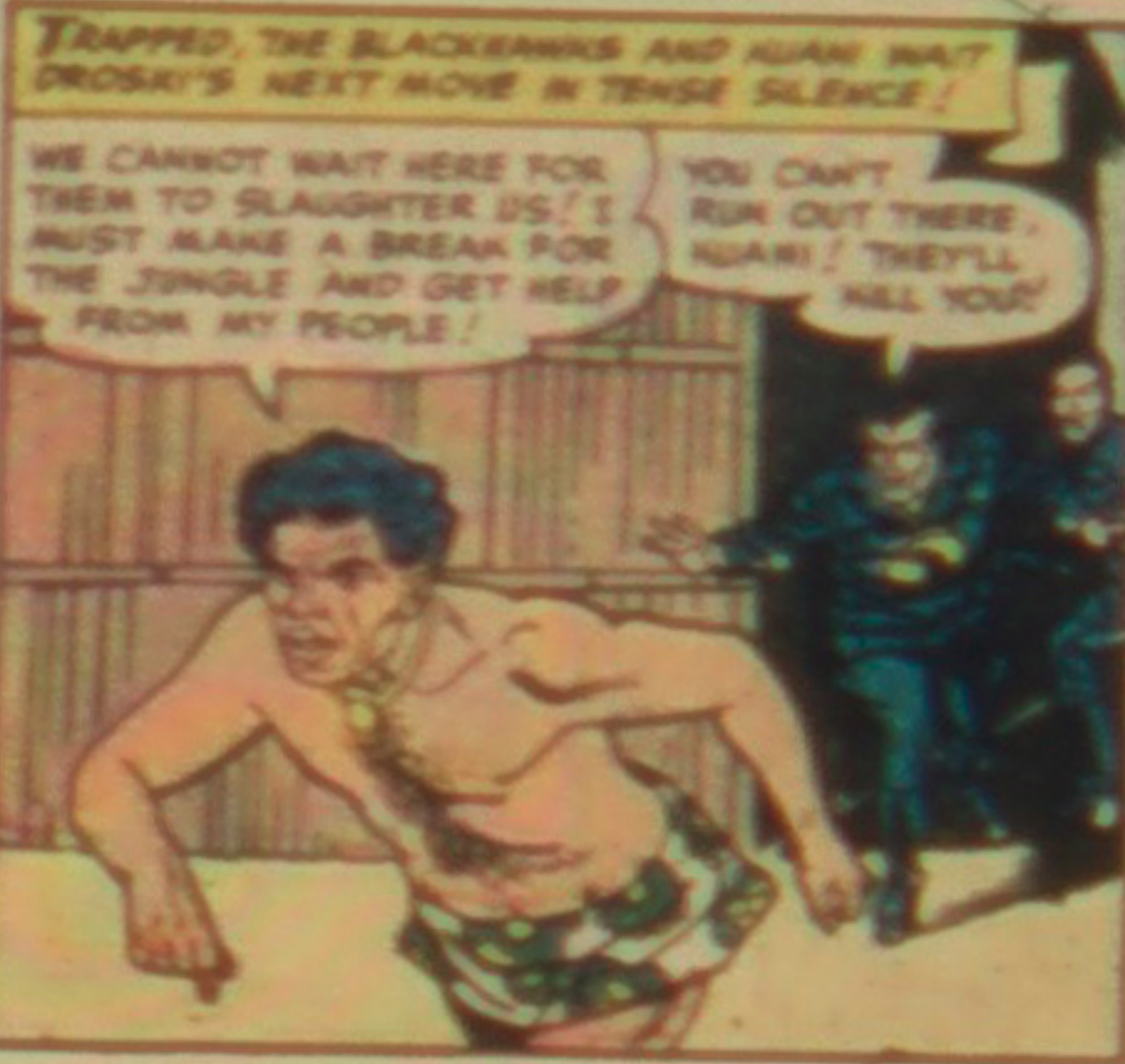
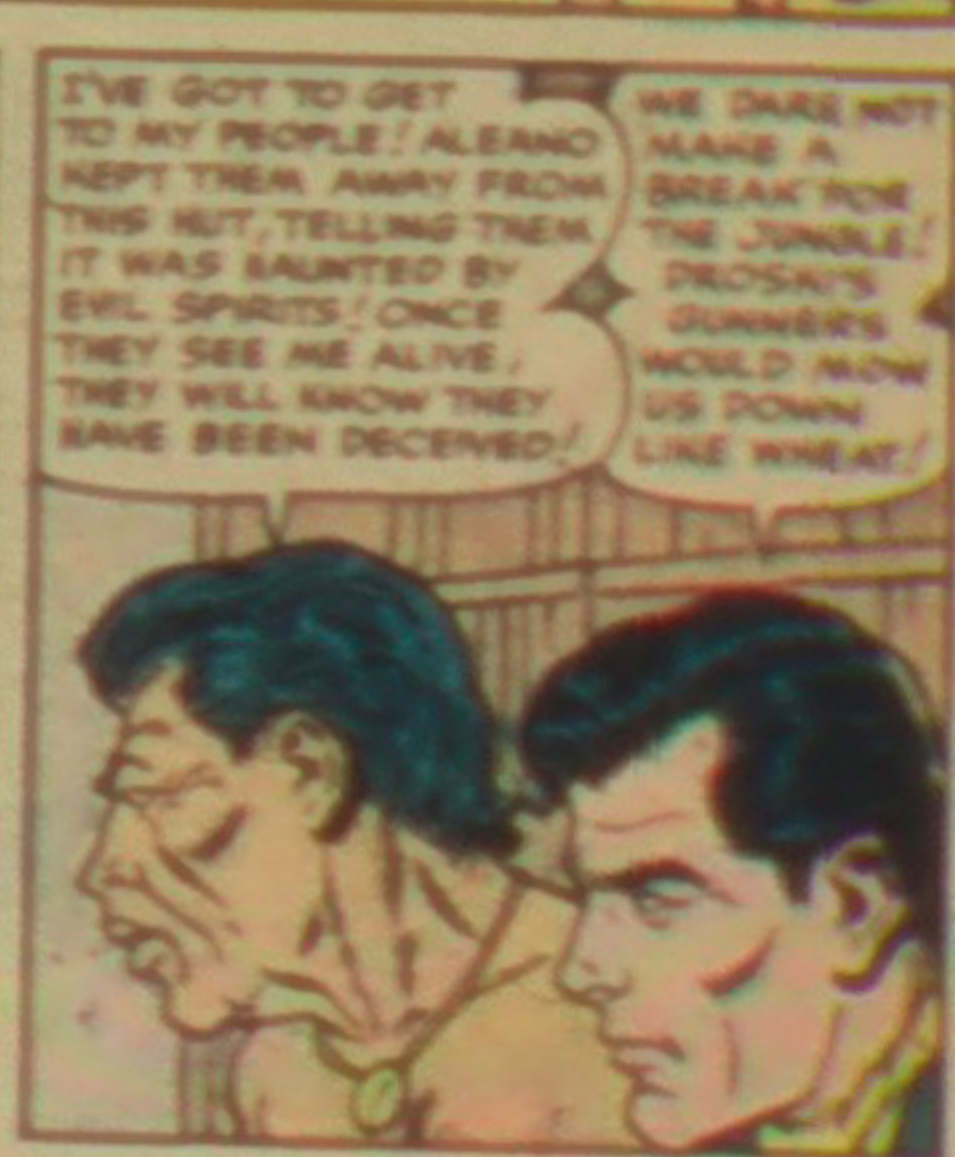






















BLACKHAWK

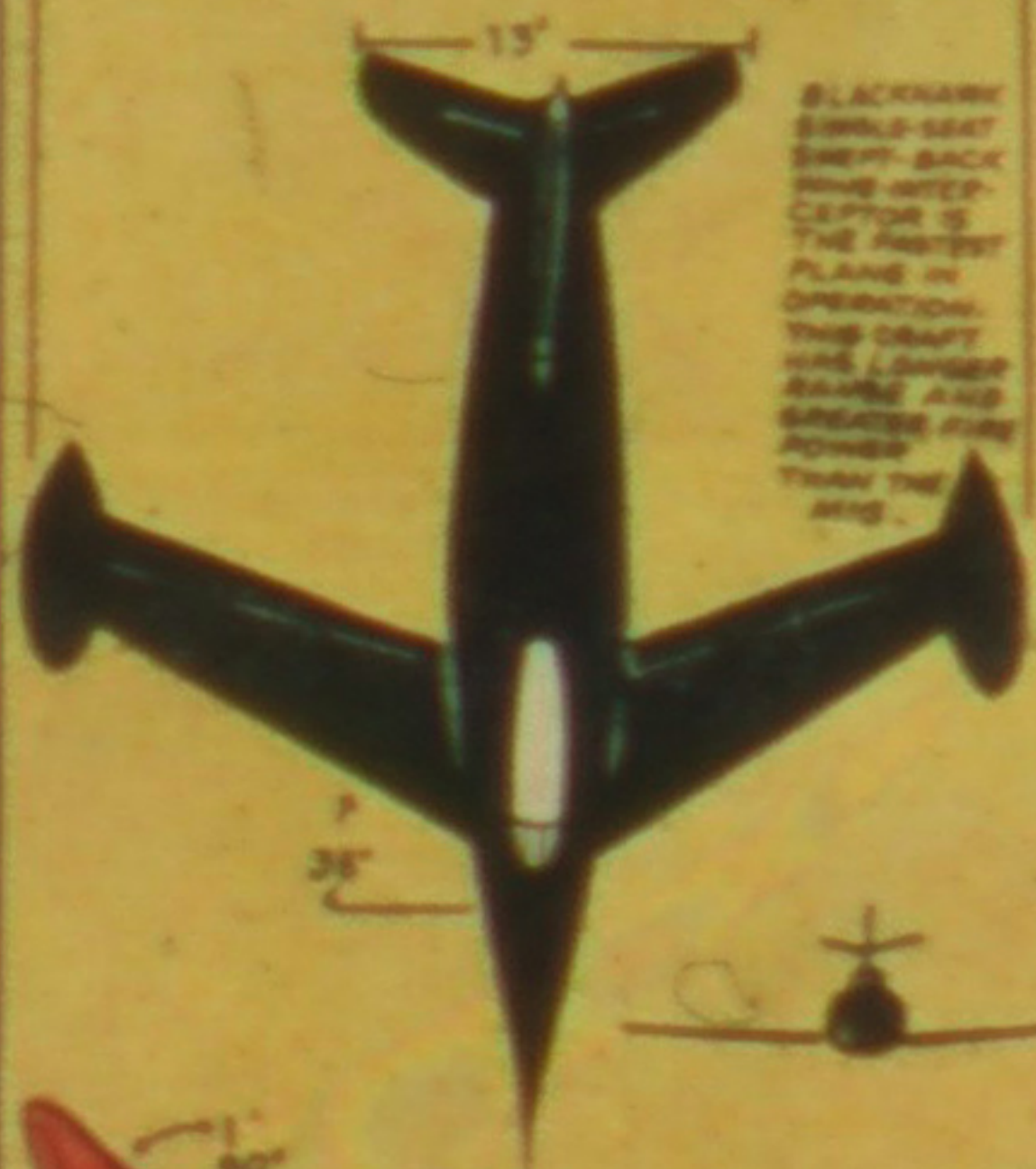
# BLACKHAWK PLANES and the MIG!



ALL DIMENSIONS APPROXIMATE

## Blackhawk Jet

37'



BLACKHAWK SINGLE-SEAT SWEEP-BACK WING INTERCEPTOR IS THE FASTEST PLANE IN OPERATION. THIS CRAFT HAS LONGER RANGE AND GREATER FUEL POWER THAN THE MIG.



37

## Russian Mig-15

34'



THE MIG-15 IS DELIGHTED ARMED WITH TWO 37MM GUNNERS PLUS TWO 20MM GUNS.

THE TWO SURFACES, BOTH ELECTRIC AND MANUAL, ARE JOINTED AND HAVE THE FUELAGE.

The Mig-15 is a short-range, high speed interceptor. THE DESIGNER HAS STANDING FOR THE NAME OF ITS DESIGNERS - MIKHAIL GUREVICH.



32'



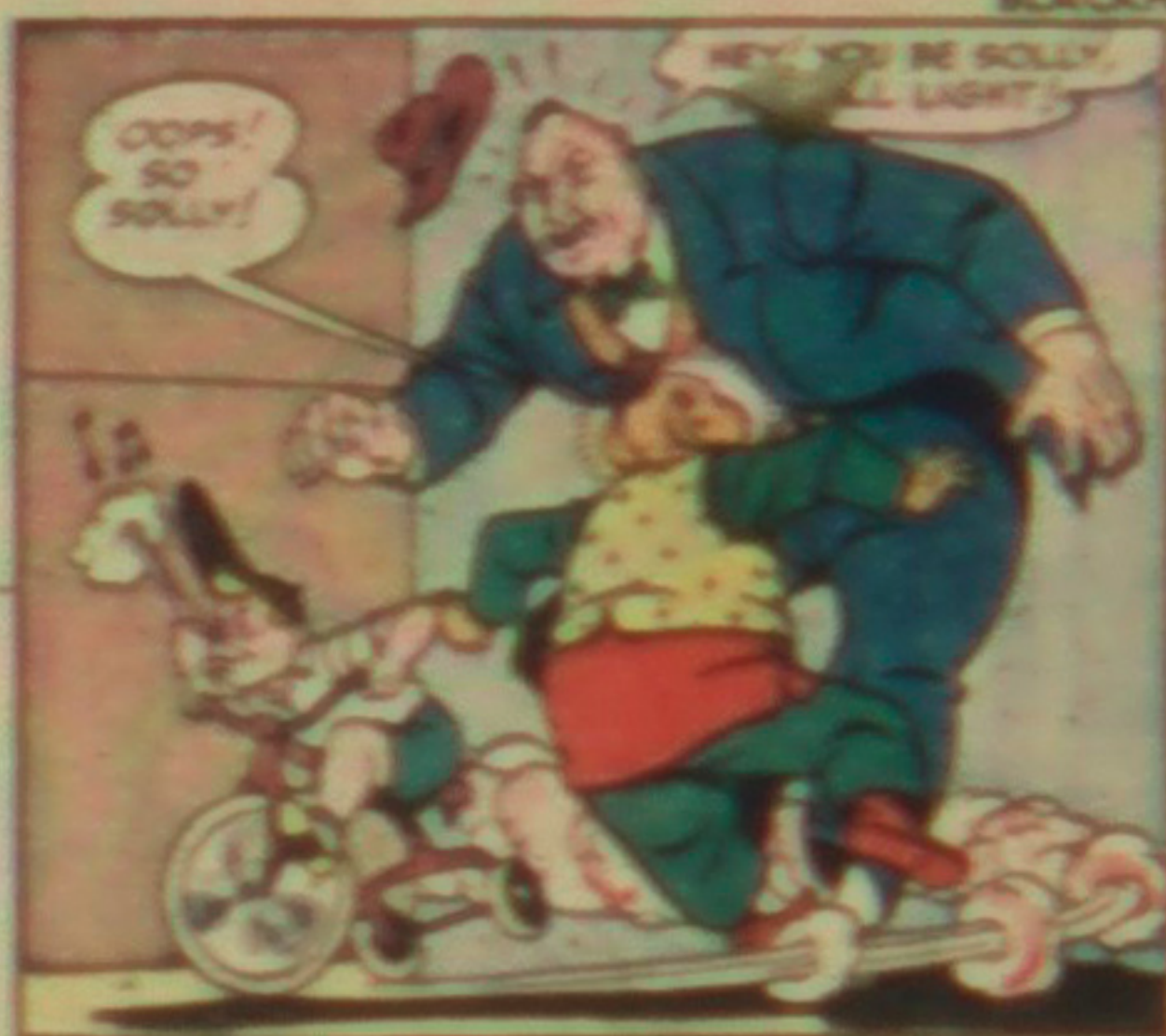
# CHOP CHOP











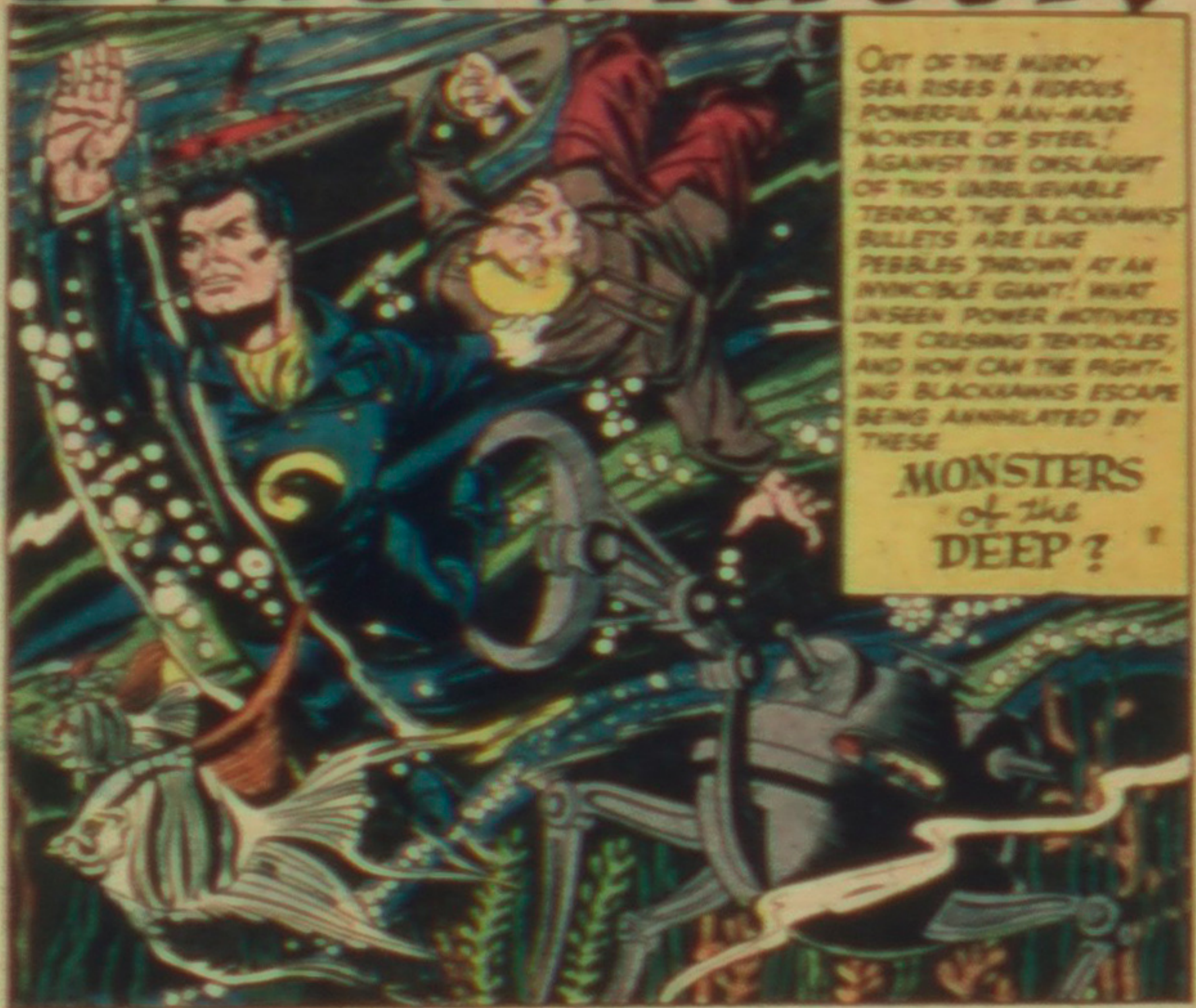






BLACKAWK

# Blackhawk



OUT OF THE MURKY SEA RISES A FIDEOUS, POWERFUL, MAN-MADE MONSTER OF STEEL! AGAINST THE ORSLAUGHT OF THIS UNBELIEVABLE TERROR, THE BLACKHAWK'S BULLETS ARE LIKE PEBBLES THROWN AT AN INVINCIBLE GIANT! WHAT UNSEEN POWER MOTIVATES THE CRUSHING TENTACLES, AND HOW CAN THE FIGHTING BLACKHAWKS ESCAPE BEING ANNIHILATED BY THESE

**MONSTERS**  
of the  
**DEEP?**

TO THE OFFICE OF COLONEL LEOPOLD AWK, RUTHLESS MILITARY LEADER OF A HOSTILE COUNTRY, COMES A STRANGE VISITOR!

COME, DOCTOR DANTRE! I AM A BUSY MAN! WHAT IS THIS NIGHTY PLAN OF YOURS TO DESTROY THE BLACKHAWKS?

AN, COLONEL AWK! SOME CALL ME A MADMAN, BUT I KNOW THAT OUR GLORIOUS COURSE IS THREATENED WHILE THE BLACKHAWKS LIVE!

THEIR HIGH-SPEED JETS, THEIR INTRICATE RADAR SYSTEM MAKE THEM ALMOST INVULNERABLE!

TRUE! OUR SHIPS AND PLANES HAVE OFTEN ATTACKED THEM WITHOUT SUCCESS!

BUT CONSIDER A NEW INVENTION! SOMETHING THAT WOULD RISE FROM THE SEA AND WALK ACROSS BLACKHAWK ISLAND, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH! HA, HA!

INTERESTING, DOCTOR DANTRE! TELL ME MORE!





LATER, ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND!

STAN SEE WHAT YOU CALL BEGS MUSCLES MAN, OH?

BLACKHAWK, O TELLIBLE HAPPENINGS! CHOP CHOP SEEING BIG-LIKEE HOUSE OCTOPUS!



CHOP CHOP BAN DRINK TOO MUCH VANILLA IN KITCHEN, JA?

NOT DUMBBE VANILLA! COME SEE!



SOON THE BLACKHAWKS ARE STUNNED BY THE HORROR THAT MEETS THEIR EYES!

DONNER WETTER! IS DAS POSSIBLE?

THAT...THING! IT'S ALMOST ALIVE!



LOOK AT THE WAY IT'S CRUSH THOSE TREES! IT'S FANTASTIC!

SACRE BLEU! WHAT WOULD INVENT SUCH A TREEING? QUEEK! OUR GUNS!



IT'S CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH!

BULLETS BOUNCE OFF IT LIKE RAIN! LOB THAT GRENADE AT IT, STAN!



LOOK! THAT DO IT! IT'S... WALKING BACK INTO THE OCEAN!

THAT GRENADE DON'T SCARE IT OFF! WHOEVER SENT IT TO GET THE LAY OF THE LAND WILL BE BACK! MY GUESS IS THAT THEY WANT TO DESTROY US WITHOUT DAMAGE TO THE AIRFIELD OR THE JETS!







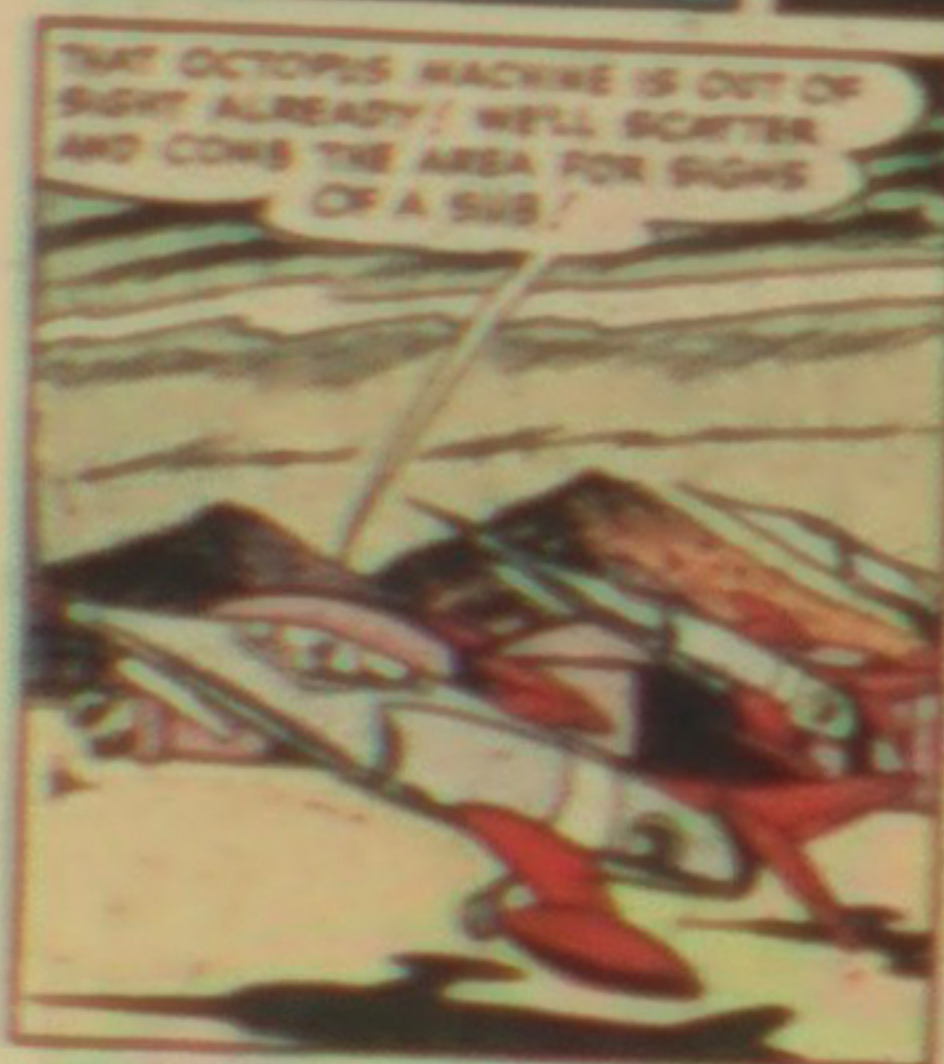
THAT "OCTOPUS" MUST HAVE A BASE OF SOME KIND! PROBABLY A SUB!

THREE SUBS WE KNOW HOW TO RIGHT, EH, BLACKHAWK?



IF WE CAN FIND IT! LET'S TAKE OFF, GANG!

HAWKAA-AA!



THAT OCTOPUS MACHINE IS OUT OF SIGHT ALREADY! WE'LL SCATTER AND COMB THE AREA FOR SIGNS OF A SUB!



FOR AN HOUR THE BLACKHAWK JETS KEEP UP THE DESPERATE SEARCH!



SIGHTED ANYTHING?

NOTHING, BLACKHAWK!

WE SEE NO SUBMARINE!

NO TRACE OF 'EM, CHIEF!



BUT AS THE FRUITLESS SEARCH ENDS....

CHOP CHOP! THREE OF THEM! LOOK DOWN AT THE ISLAND!

ON UNHAPPY SIGHTS! WHILE WE LOOKING FOR SUBMARINE, OCTOPUS MACHINE COMING ON HONOLULU ISLAND!



BUT THEY'RE STANDING STILL! THAT MEANS WHOEVER OPERATES THEM HAS DESERTED THE MACHINES FOR A LOOK AROUND THE ISLAND! THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE!





STRANGE MEN IN BALLACKS! NESSIE UP KITCHEN, I CHOPPEE HEADS, WHANG- WHANG!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THOSE MACHINES!



TAKE 'EM, MEN!

PARBLEU! THESE WEE'LL BE WONDERFUL FIGHT, NON?



YOOST LINE OLD TIME!

UGH!

VOILA! NO HANDS!



HEY! THEY'VE GOT CHOP CHOP!

THAT'S AGAINST THE RULES, BOYS!



WE'RE SORT OF FOND OF CHOP CHOP!

YEAR! WE'RE VERY SENTIMENTAL!

ARGH!

USH!



YOU KNOCKEE DOWN, HE MAKEE STRAY DOWN!

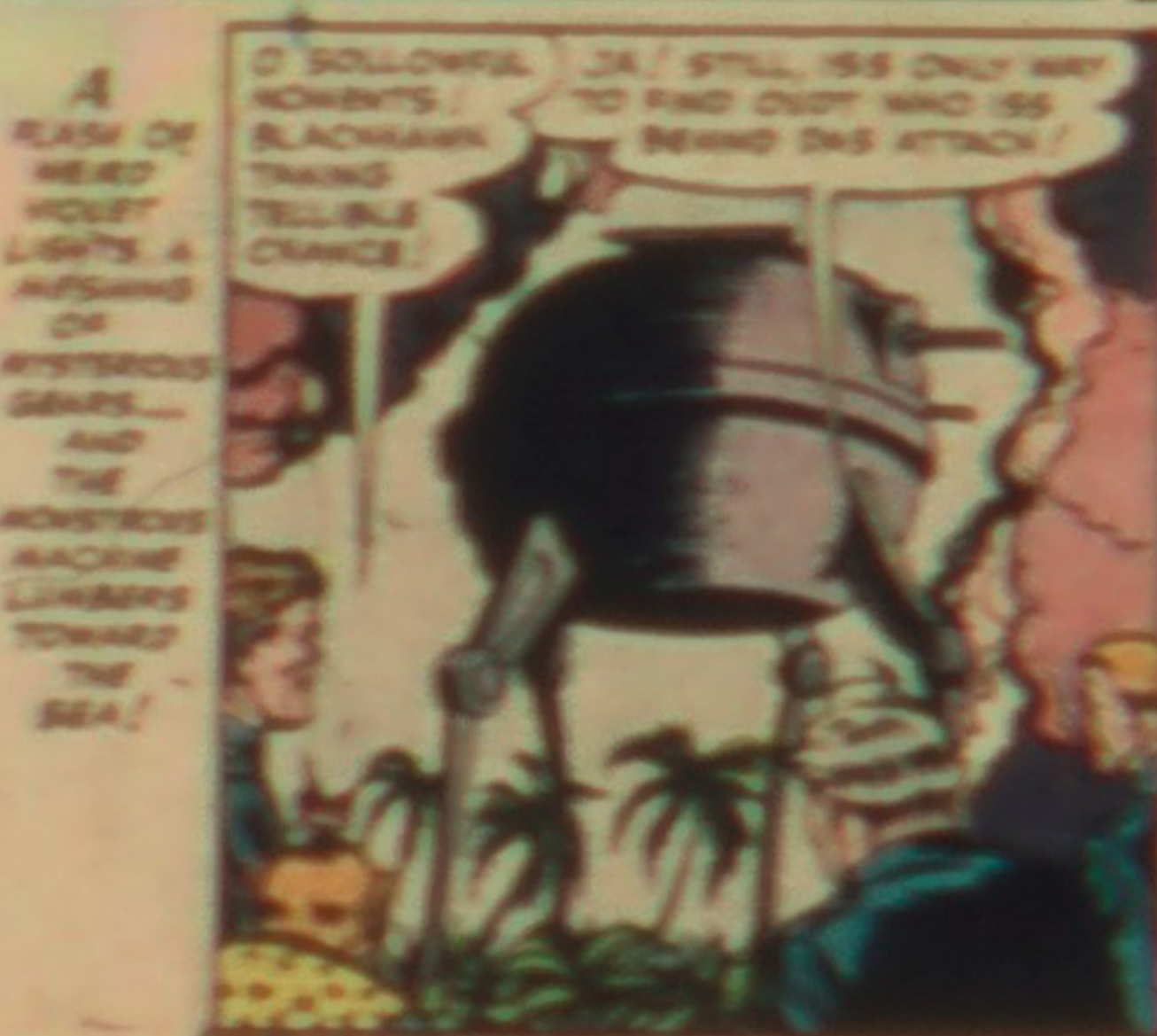
THAT'S THE IDEA, CHOP CHOP! HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU TO SIT ON!



STOP THAT ONE! HE'S HEADED FOR THE MACHINES!

HE WAS SLOWPONEE, JA?







**MOMENTS LATER...**

**NOW THEN!**

THE SUB! IT'S DIRECTLY ABOVE US! WE'LL BE CRUSHED, BLACKMARK!

NO! NO! HE'S SLIDING THE MACHINE INTO SOME SORT OF TRACK! THAT'S IT! HE'S ATTACKING IT TO THE SUBMARINE!

AND THAT DOOR ABOVE US SLIDES OPEN! THAT'S NOW THEY GET IN AND OUT OF THE SUB!

IF THAT'S THE CASE, WE'LL CLIMB RIGHT INTO TROUBLE! WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY OF THEM THERE ARE, BUT DON'T BE STINGY WITH YOUR BULLETS!

THERE'S ONE I'LL TIE UP, OUT! PERHAPS WE USE THEM ONCE AGAIN, LATER!

**SECONDS LATER, TWO STEEL DOORS SLIDE OPEN AND...**

THEY'RE DROPPING A LADDER, PRESS AGAINST THE WALLS AND OUT OF SIGHT!

CONRADES! WHERE ARE THE OTHER MACHINES? WHY DO YOU RETURN ALONE?

MAYBE WE WANTED TO BE ALONE?

AYE!

QUICK! UP THE LADDER!

OUGH!

THAT'S THE IDEA! LET'S DO THIS QUIETLY! GUN SHOTS WILL ONLY BRING THEM IN TROVES!

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF!

FOOT SET DOWN! SEE NOT SAFE TO PLAY WITH GUNS!





COLONEL ARK AND DOCTOR DIMITRI! EVIDENTLY THEY'RE THE KINGS! LET'S GET THEM!

HEY! WHERE IS EVERYBODY? YOOHOO! ANYBODY LOOKING FOR A FIGHT?



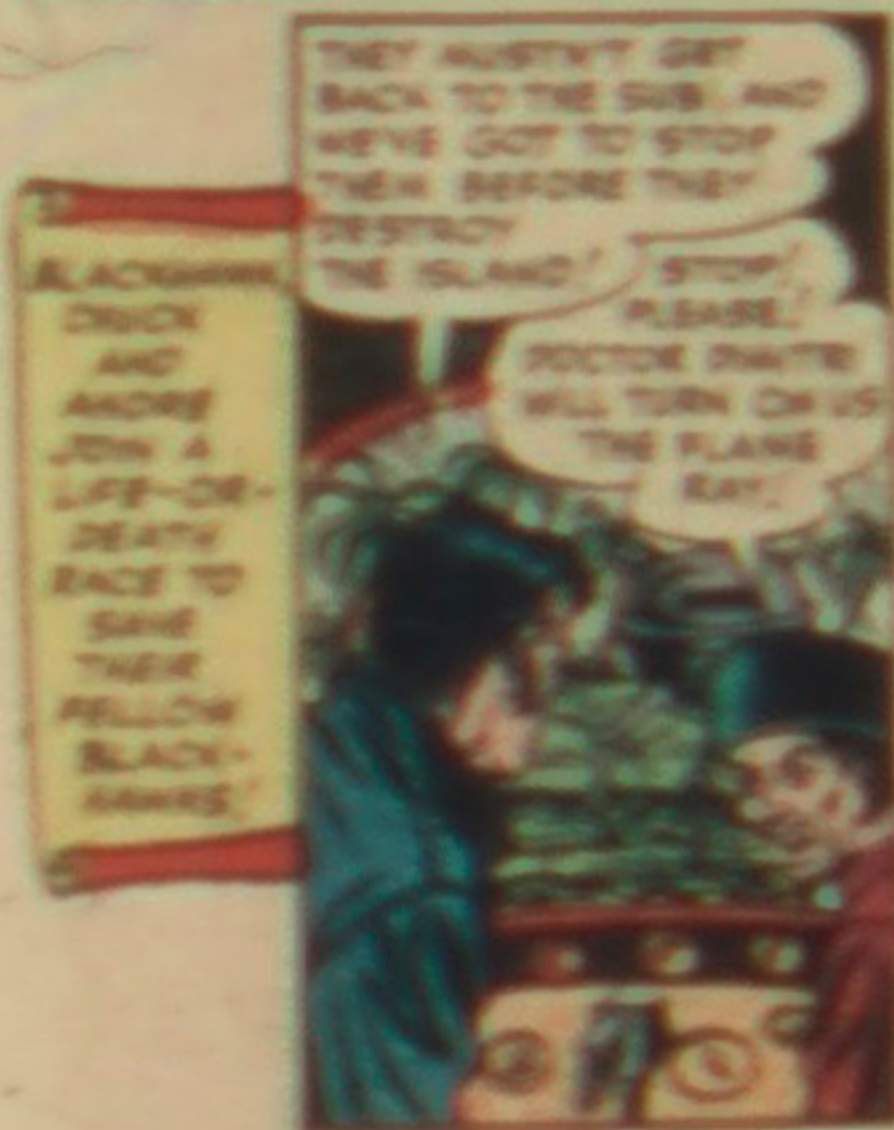
LISTEN! A MOTOR...

THE BIG BOYS! THEY'RE ESCAPING IN ANOTHER ONE OF THE MACHINES!



THE BLACKHAWKS RUSH TO THEIR MACHINE...

LOOK, BLACKHAWK! THEY'RE READING FOR SHORE!



BLACKHAWK DRUCK AND ANDRE JOIN A LIFE-OR-DEATH RACE TO SAVE THEIR FELLOW BLACKHAWKS!



THEY MUSTN'T GET BACK TO THE SUB! AND WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THEY DESTROY THE ISLAND!

STOP! PLEASE! DOCTOR DIMITRI WILL TURN ON US THE FLAME RAY!



FLAME RAY, HUH? STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON THESE MACHINES? LET'S SAY WE USE IT BEFORE THEY DO!

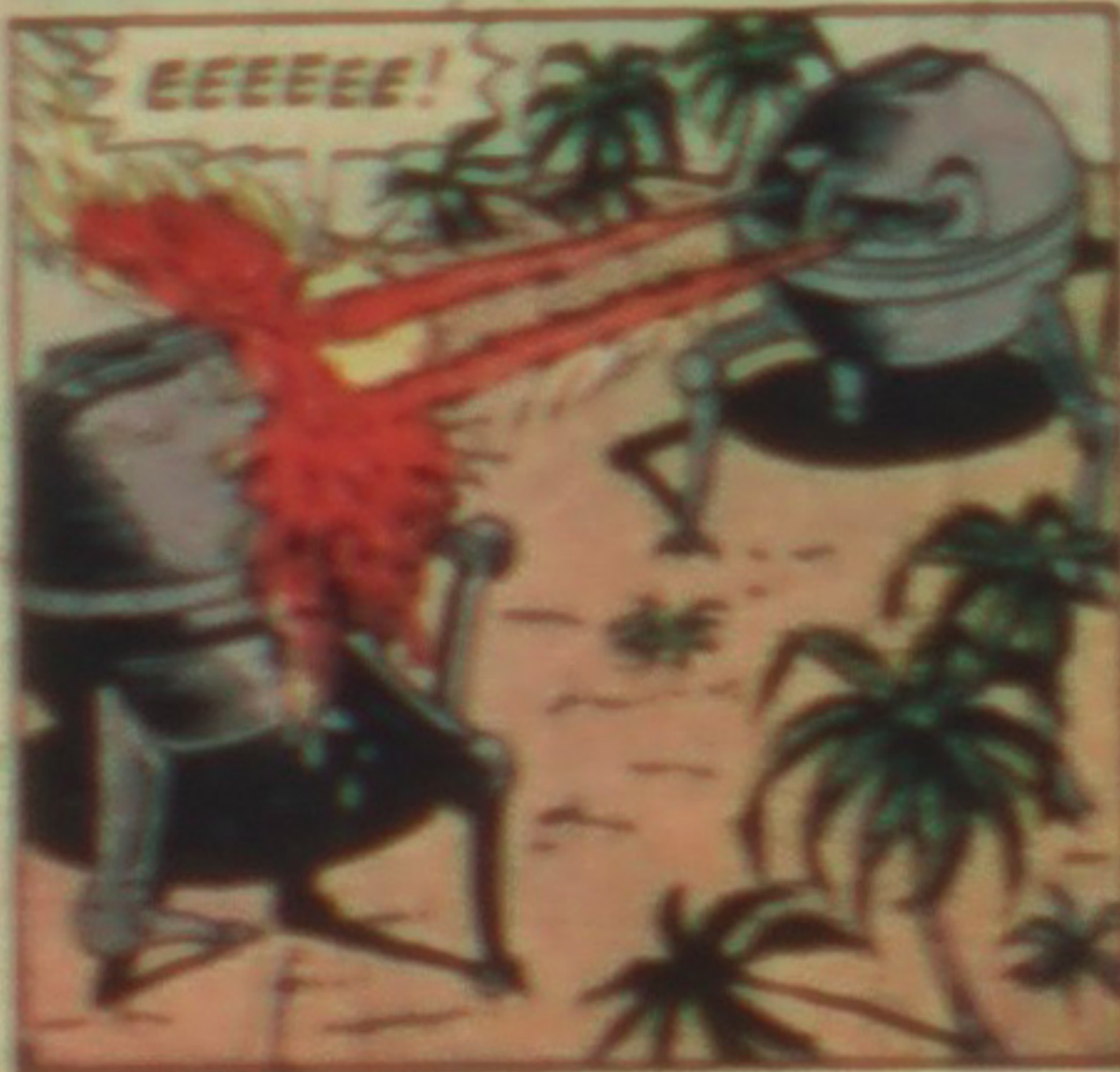
THEY WILL KILL ME, TOO! I DO NOT WISH TO DIE! YES, YES, HERE IS THE CONTROL!



Oh! IN THE CABIN OF THE OTHER OCTOPUS MACHINE!

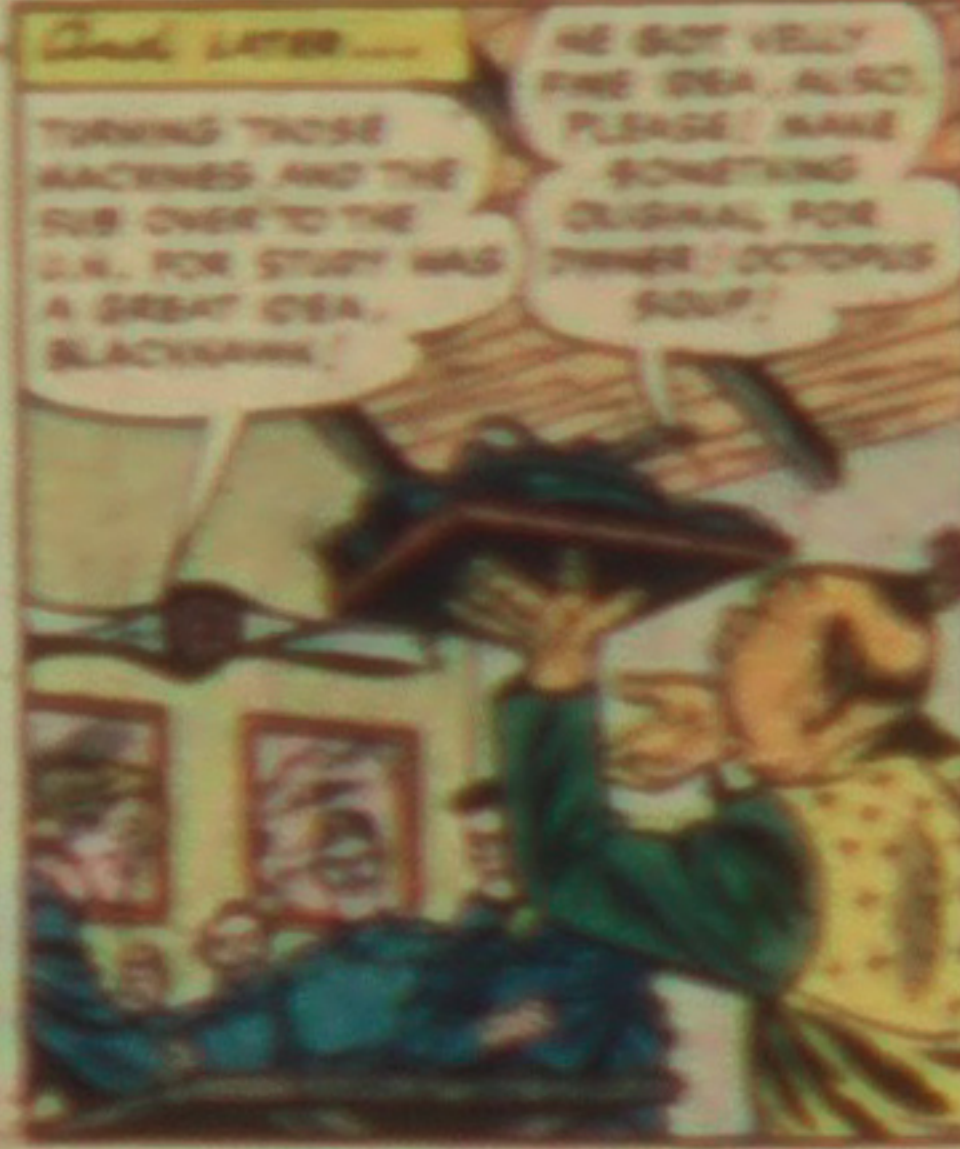
BACK TO THE SUBMARINE, DOCTOR! WE HAVE BEEN OUTWITTED BY THOSE DEVILS, THE BLACKHAWKS!

BUT NOTRY FLAME RAY! I...



EEEEEE!

And in the burning flames of his own invention, Doctor Dimitri's career ends, taking with it the worthless life of Leopold Ark!



And later...

TURNING THOSE MACHINES AND THE SUB OVER TO THE U.S. FOR STUDY WAS A GREAT IDEA, BLACKHAWK!

HE GOT VERRY FINE IDEA, ALSO, PLEASE! HAVE SOMETHING ORIGINAL FOR DINNER! OCTOPUS SOUP!



# HEADLESS HORSEMAN TERRIFIES CITY

SPECTRAL RIDER IS SEEN  
GALLOPING OVER THE LAWN  
OF CENTRAL PARK



POLICE ARE  
BAFFLED BY  
THE ACCOUNT  
OF FRIGHTENED  
EYEWITNESSES  
OF THIS FEAR-  
SOME GHOST  
RIDER! MAYOR  
DEMANDS ACTION  
AND CAUTIONS  
PUBLIC AGAINST  
PANIC!

At an emergency  
meeting yesterday  
Commission  
said it

IS IT TRUE? WHAT OR WHO  
IS THIS AWESOME SPECTRE?

READ THIS  
AMAZING ADVENTURE  
IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF

**DOLL MAN**  
THE WORLD'S MOST FRIGHTENING

ON SALE - MAY 2ND -



# Man of Darkness

A NEWSBOY was shouting, "Penthouse robbed. Man of Darkness strikes again. Read all about it."

People rushed to buy the papers, some out of curiosity and some from frantic fear. The frantic ones lived on top floors of apartment buildings or in penthouses. Places where the crimes were committed.

"I'll take a paper," said John Brady, as he paid the newsboy. Then he thought, "I know all about it but I'll see what the report is to the public."

It was about the same as usual. A masked man in a black hood and a black robe had entered a twentieth story penthouse and had stolen twenty thousand dollars worth of jewels. He had seemed to come from nowhere. No one had been brought up on the elevators and no one had seen a stranger about. He had simply come out of thin air and walked in, armed with a pistol, to make his haul. The police had investigated and found no clues because the man had disappeared as mysteriously as he had arrived.

"And he always strikes in the dark of the moon," read Brady. "That's why he is being called the Man of Darkness."

"That's the angle," thought Brady. "It's done in the dark. And he seems to come from the sky. There must be something about that to lead to a clue."

John Brady was a young detective on the force. He'd heard plenty of conversation about this case but he hadn't been assigned to it. Still, he knew that someone had to come up with the answer. And, if he did, it would put him in solid with his superiors and would also be doing a great favor to the community.

"Man of Darkness," he kept thinking. "He strikes only when he can't be seen. And anyone wearing a black mask and robe would be spotted if he came from below."

The idea kept digging at Brady's brain for days. Surely there was some way to trap this man who kept repeating his crimes. And if he didn't come from the ground, he must actually come from the sky and—

"Try something," he thought suddenly. "It may not mean a thing but I have nothing to lose."

So Brady began the work of setting a trap. He was engaged to a girl by the name of Glenda Ross and he finally persuaded her and her mother to help him. He rented a penthouse apartment for them on the eighteenth floor of an apartment house. He bought a lot of paste jewelry that might pass, in the darkness, for the real

thing. Then he started a publicity campaign. By newspaper, television, and radio.

A little man sat before a short wave set and he smiled when he heard, "Miss Glenda Ross has just moved to a penthouse apartment on the eighteenth floor of the Fuller Building at the end of fashionable Terrace Park Drive. She is purported to be an heiress with more than fifty thousand dollars worth of jewels alone."

"That's for me," smiled the little man. "When the dark of the moon comes around again, I'll pay a visit to this lady. Nice of them to give me the tip."

When the nights began to grow dim, Brady spent every one in Glenda's apartment. He was watching and waiting, hoping that this criminal who had evaded every other member of the law, would fall into his trap. And finally it happened. Glenda was reading near the window. John Brady was hidden in a large chair which faced the door. He tried to steel himself as he heard her let out a scream.

"So right where you sit, lady," Brady heard a voice say. "Make one move and I'll shoot."

Brady waited tensely. Then he heard the man rummaging through a chest of drawers. He made a quick leap in the direction of the thief and brought a billy club down hard over his head. A small man in a black mask and a black cape crumpled to the floor.

"John," sobbed Glenda, rushing toward him. "I was so frightened!"

"So was I," admitted Brady. "For you. Our scheme worked, honey, but now we have to find out how this character's been operating."

When the little man regained consciousness and knew that he was caught, he explained his method. "The cops were after me," he said. "I had to get away. So I devised a house in the sky. I had to live, too. That's why I've been robbing people."

The police came for him. And when John Brady went to the roof, he was amazed by what he saw. A balloon that resembled a small house was anchored there. It was painted black. And from it was a ladder which dangled down to the terrace of the penthouse.

"He's a genius," commented Brady. "Too bad he didn't turn his talents to something besides crime."

John Brady was given a promotion after that. And he married Glenda Ross and was happy. But the little man, who had lived a life of crime, gave up his place in the sky for a prison cell. He became, really, a Man of Darkness.



BLACKHAWK

# Blackhawk

DEATH WHIRLS THROUGH THE  
SKIES AND DESTRUCTION RAINS  
DOWN UPON THE BLACK-  
HAWKS AS A KILLER  
WITHOUT CONSCIENCE  
LAUNCHES HIS DIABOLICAL  
ATTACK! HOW MANY PITIFUL  
WRECKS OF HUMANITY WILL BE  
SACRIFICED IN THESE FRIGHT-  
FUL HUMAN-GUIDED MISSILES  
BEFORE BLACKHAWK AND HIS  
VALIANT BAND CRUSH THE  
FENESTER DR. DE ROSA AND  
HIS FANTASTIC  
Circles of Suicide!



A STARTLING EXPLOSION BREAKS THE  
PEACE AND SILENCE OF BLACKHAWK ISLAND

HOW DUEL WHAT  
WAS THAT,  
BLACKHAWK?

IT SOUNDED LIKE SOME-  
ONE DROPPED A BOMB  
ON OUR ENGINE!  
CRACK!



GOOD NIGHT! IT'S  
SOME SORT OF  
GUIDED MISSILE!



MOTHER ONE!  
AND THERE'S A  
PLOT IN IT!





HEY! STAY RIGHT FOR THE FELD!

WHADE! THIS IS SUICIDE!



HE HIT RUNWAY THREE!

THERE'S A THIRD ONE ON THE WAY! TIME TO THE AIR MEN!

THE SOON AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE BLACK HILLS ABOVE THE ROAD OF THE JETS!



SOON!

STAY IN FORMATION! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO FORCE HIM DOWN BEFORE HE CAN CRASH ON THE ISLAND!

BLING CLADY HAD DOWN IN OCEAN NOT MAKING BIG EXPLOSIONS PLEASE!



WELL! FINE! HIM LANDING!

I DON'T GET IT! IF IT WAS REALLY A SUICIDE MISSION, HE'D HAVE TRIED TO TAKE US WITH HIM!



WE'RE IN LUCK! THE SHIP'S STILL AFLOAT! IF HE CAN GET TO THAT FUEL IN TIME, WE'LL KNOW WHO PLANNED THIS INSANE ATTACK!



SOON AFTERWARD...

WE'VE DETONATED THE BOMB-SIGNS, WHATEVER IT WAS!

IT WAS JUST A SIMPLE JOB! HE HAD MORE TROUBLE GETTING HIM OUT OF THE SHIP!





WAS I LOST IN PARADISE? WHERE ARE THE CROWDS TO GIVE ME A HERO'S WELCOME?

THE POOR FELLOW IS INSANE! NO AMOUNT OF QUESTIONING CAN GET THE DEMENTED MAN TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY OR MISSION! FINALLY...



HE KEEPS REPEATING THAT THE "BLASTER" SENT HIM TO A GLORIOUS ISLAND PARADISE!

WHETHER SENT HIM WHEN HE WAS GOING TO HIS DEATH! WHAT KIND OF FEND WOULD...



HOW ARE OBSERVE THEM TRY TO BLAST ON REE AREA!

T.A. 1989. THAT'S IT! HE'S ONE OF THE INMATES OF THAT NEW ASYLUM ON TUMARU ATOLL!



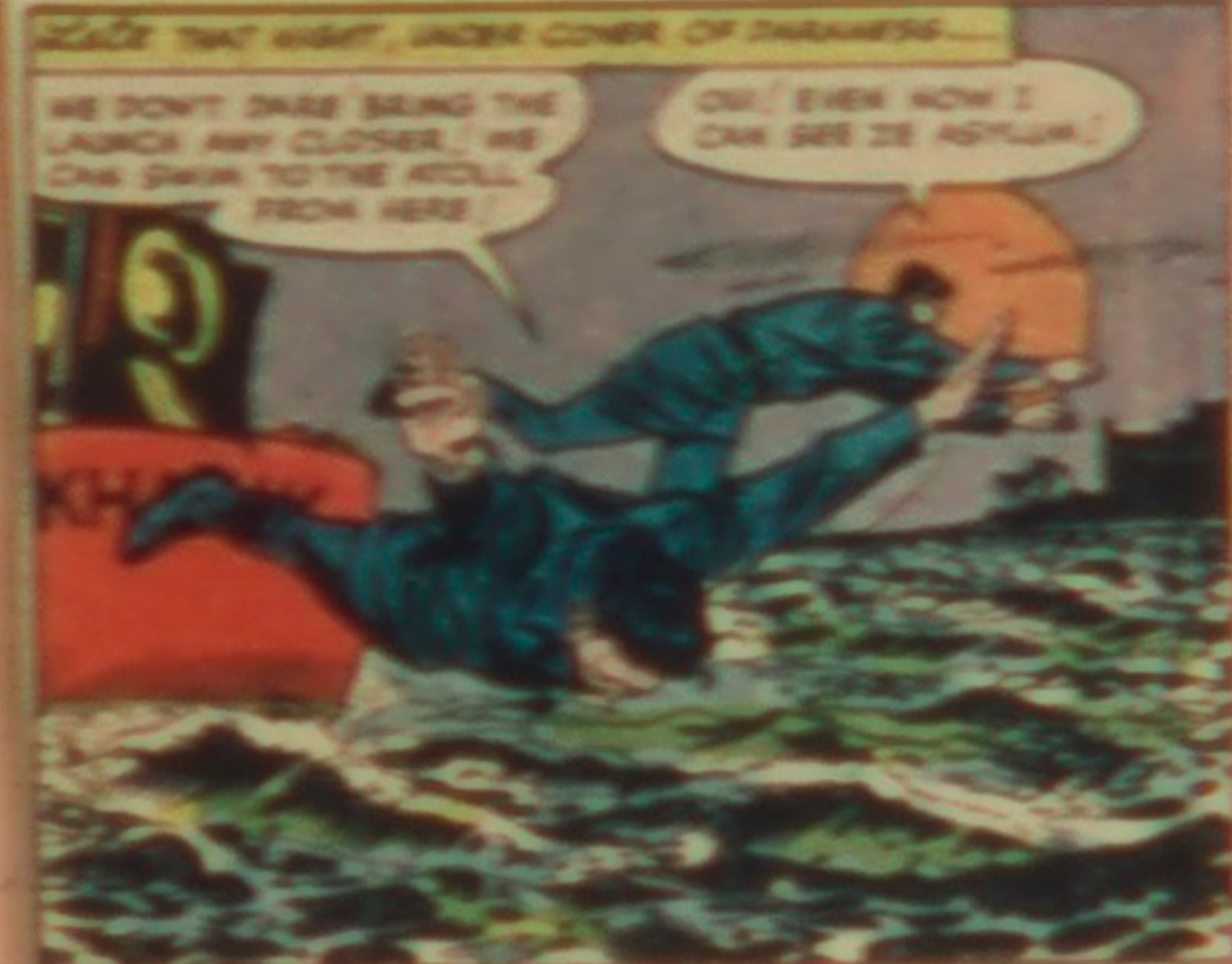
DE. DE BONG! BUT HIS INSANE ASYLUM ON THE ATOLL AFTER HIS BID TO LEASE THIS ISLAND WAS TURNED DOWN! BUT WHY WOULD HE SACRIFICE HIMSELF BEING TO DESTROY US? WHY WOULD HE WANT BLACKHAWK ISLAND?

THE ANSWER EYES NOT HERE, BLACKHAWK!



NO! WE'LL FIND OUR ANSWER ON TUMARU! YOU COME WITH ME, ANDRE! THE REST OF YOU STAND BY!

OK! WE KNOW WHAT TO DO, BLACKHAWK!



WAVE THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...

WE DON'T DARE BRING THE LAUNCH ANY CLOSER. WE CAN SWIM TO THE ATOLL FROM HERE!

OH! EVEN NOW I CAN SEE DE ASYLUM!

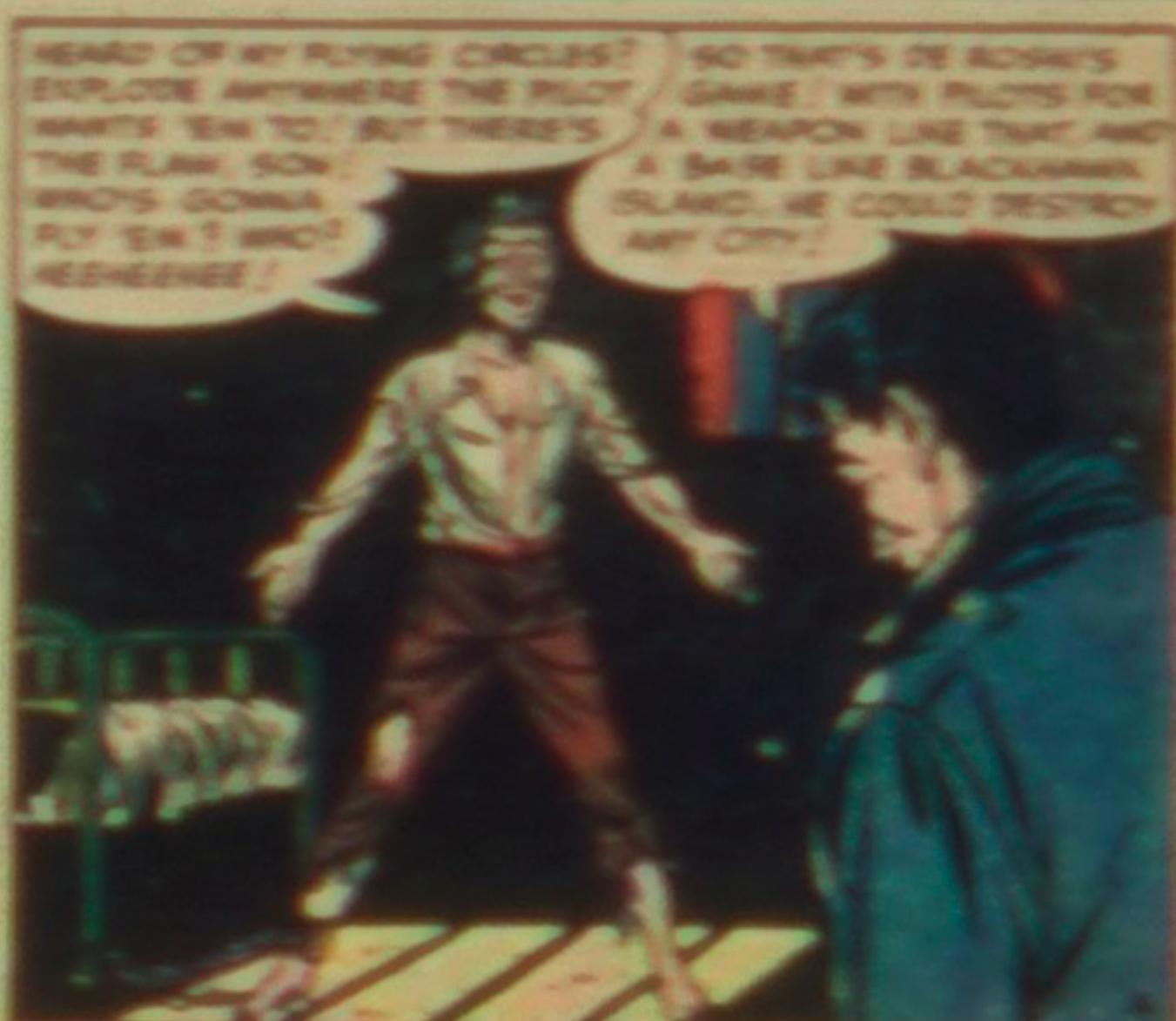


AND SOON...

WE'D BETTER SEPARATE NOW, ANDRE! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND MEET ME ON THE BEACH IN TWO HOURS!

BYE!





SO THAT'S DE ROSHI'S GAME! WITH PILOTS FOR A WEAPON LINE THAT AND A BASE LINE BLACKPUNK ISLAND, HE COULD DESTROY ANY CITY!



AND NOW FORTUNATELY YOU WILL BE BLACKHAWK TO PARTICIPATE IN MY PLAN... AS ONE OF MY PILOTS!

DE ADAM!

**click!**

AND NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I WILL GO AND SEE HOW MY GUARDS ARE PROGRESSING WITH YOUR LUCKLESS FRIEND.

THEY'RE GOT ANDRE.

BLACKHAWK FLIPS ON HIS BELL ANDRO TO LET THE BLACKHAWKS HEAR HIS DESPERATE POSITION. THEN...

I'VE GOT TO HELP! HEHEHE. THE MAN IS CRAZY. HEHEHE.

HANG ON ANDRE!

SACRE BLEU, THEY COME AT ME LIKE FLEES!

DESPERATELY, BLACKHAWK AND ANDRO FIGHT AGAINST THE BRUTAL GUARDS. BUT THE OVERWHELMING ODDS ARE AGAINST THEM.

AT LEAST WE'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING ANDRE!

Once upon a time...

REACHING THEIR GUNS AND RADIOS, THEN GRAB THEM INTO THE FLYING CIRCLES. AT DAWN, HE WILL LAUNCH ANOTHER ATTACK ON BLACKHAWK ISLAND... WITH THESE FOOLS AS PASSENGERS!

Once upon a time...

LISTEN CAREFULLY TO YOUR RADIO AND REPORT YOUR POSITION TO ME EVERY FIVE MINUTES. THE PEOPLE OF PARADISE ISLE ARE WAITING FOR YOU.

IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY, MASTER.





LET'S TRYING TO  
YOU! YOU'LL  
BE BLOWN TO  
BITS WHEN  
THIS CRAFT  
LANDS!

SAVE YOUR BREATH,  
BLACKHAWK! UNDER  
HYPNOTIC INFLUENCE, THE  
MAN WILL LISTEN TO NO  
ONE BUT ME!

Just  
moments  
later,  
with  
BLACKHAWK  
helplessly  
strapped  
in his  
cabin,  
the  
suicide  
circle is  
launched!



WE'LL BE  
KILLED!  
LAND IN THE  
WATER, AT  
LEAST WE'LL  
HAVE A  
CHANCE!

PROCEED  
AS I  
INSTRUCT  
YOU!

YES,  
MAST-  
ER!



ARE YOU  
LISTENING,  
BLACKHAWK?  
YOUR FRIEND  
HERE WILL  
FOLLOW YOU  
BEFORE THE  
HOUR IS  
OVER!

THE  
MONSTER,  
IF ONLY I  
HAD GONE  
ALONE—  
LEFT  
HERE  
ON THE  
ISLAND!



THAT SOME, IT CAN  
ONLY BEAR—YES,  
THERE THEY ARE  
BLACKHAWKS!

DEER!

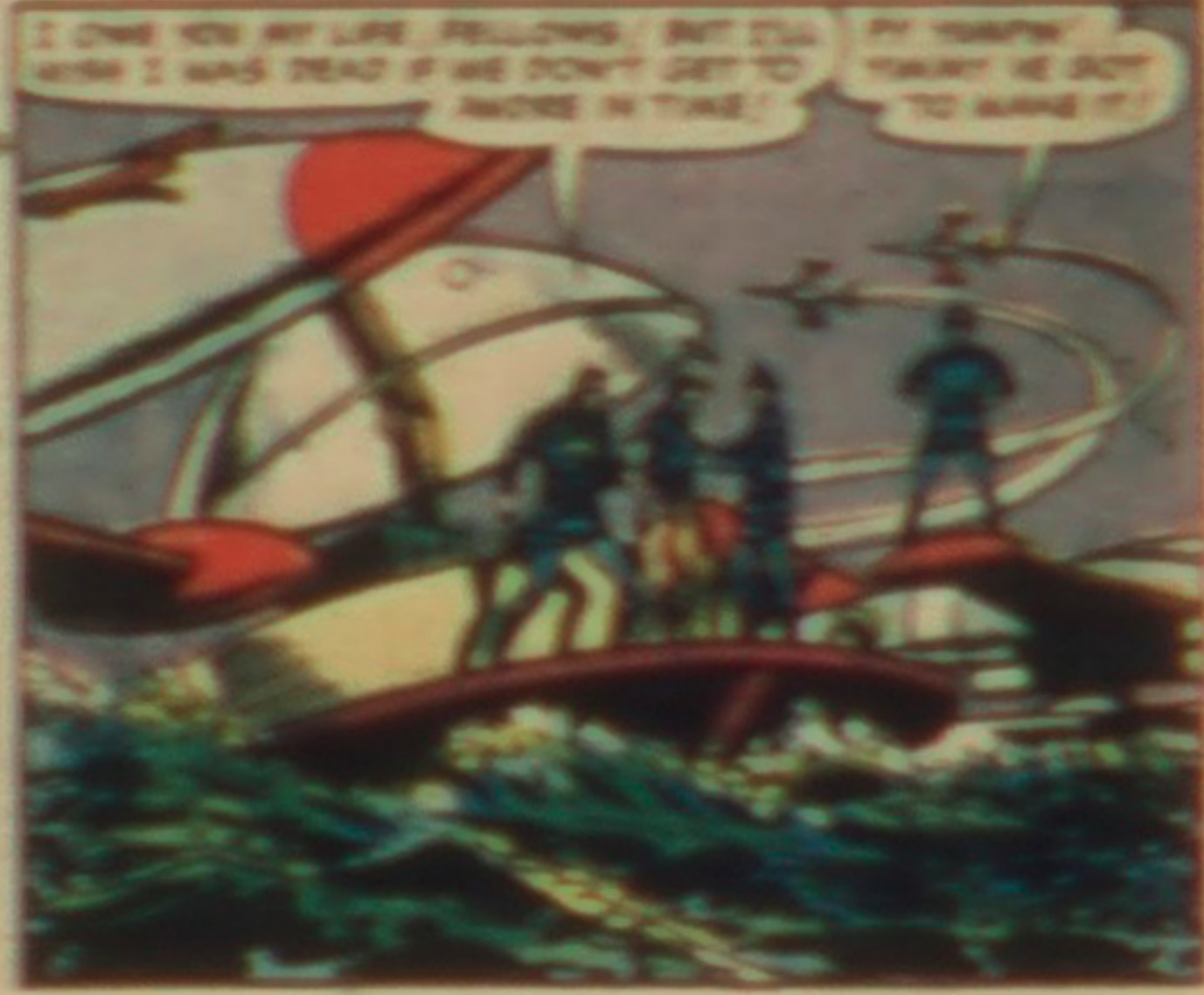


Once, once again, jets blanket  
the sky, forcing down the  
suicide circle of death!

I WILL NOT REACH  
PARADISE ISLAND!

EASY, MAN!  
IF YOU LAND  
CAREFULLY, YOU  
MAY LIVE TO TELL  
THIS STORY!

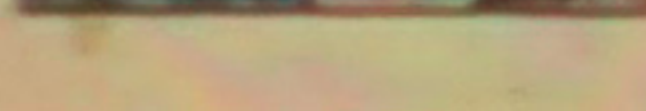
The  
BLACKHAWKS  
soon  
spine  
their  
leaves  
and the  
draped  
plot  
released  
from  
the  
suicide  
craft!



I GIVE YOU MY LIFE, FELLOWS! BUT I'LL  
WISH I WAS DEAD IF WE DON'T GET TO  
MORE IN TIME!

MY HONOR!  
THANK HE GOT  
TO MAKE IT!







**GIVEN!** BOYS! GIRLS!  
LADIES! MEN!  
WE G'VE YOU  
CASH OR PREMIUMS!

MAIL

*[Faint, illegible text from bleed-through]*

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**ONE 57th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE!**







Win one of these  
**4 FREE TRIPS**  
to my Colorado  
ranch, Partner!

- Red Ryder



# 257 AIR RIFLES GIVEN

in this exciting New Nation-wide

## DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling target shooting contest running starting March 15, 1952, ending May 25, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and fastest completions of Contest Sessions. There'll be TWO separate Divisions: one awards its prizes; shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 50 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Cartridges, Trophy Cups, Medals provided that they are paid-up Junior Members of NIA for 1952 OR if they want to accumulate points and 50-cent membership fee write their Contest Targets before midnight, May 25, 1952! Write NIA, 1000 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y. If you don't join NIA, you can shoot to win one of the 5 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles No. 150. Get all contest facts now! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for more contest info—and start shooting to win!

**NEW!**

**DAISY DEFENDER REPEATER**  
new and! The first lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combines Pump-and-Open Repeater with Expansion. Windage adjustable. Special "jockey" action. Adjustable carrying-shooting sling. Amazingly reliable loaded stock. New-arms.

Price \$14.95 in N.Y. State. New Jersey \$15.95. In other states \$16.95. In Canada \$18.95.

**DAISY PUMP GUN**

new and! Take-down model. "Gold-trigger" action. A 10 shot lever-action pump action repeater with built-in wooden stock. New-arms.

**RED RYDER**

**COWBOY CARBINE**

new and! Daisy's famous 100-shot repeater that looks like real Western saddle gun. Excellent loaded stock. New-arms.

**DAISY GRAVITY-FED REPEATER**

new and! A 100-shot repeater. Wooden stock. Metal barrel.

**DAISY**

*Air Rifles*

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York 10, N.Y.

**PARTNER!**  
Get Your  
**FREE**  
CONTEST  
KIT  
at your  
DAISY  
DEALER  
or MAIL  
COUPON!

Mr. RED RYDER, Care of  
DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Dept. 4-257, Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.  
I enclose amount in stamps  
to help pay mailing cost. Please  
send contest material without cost!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_